

Their Meetings Should Never End

by Married to an Avocado

Category: Daredevil

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Frank C., Karen P.

Pairings: Karen P./Frank C.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 22:15:18

Updated: 2016-04-12 22:15:18

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:06:26

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,980

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Frank doesn't want to stop seeing Karen, so he asks her out on a date. (Kastle)

Their Meetings Should Never End

****We all knew this would happen. I mean, for those of you who know me, I'm a huge Daredevil fan, and more specifically, I'm a huge Karen fan. So when I found the pairing of Kastle, I shipped it like Fedex. I knew I had to write a fanfic, I dedicated my life to it, everything. I'm sorry, but Karedevil has now taken a backseat, considering how stupid Matt has become. Forget him (I can't believe I just said that... I'm sorry, Matt! I still love you!). Ever since season 2 began, I'm shipping Kastle. I still do ship Karedevil, but Kastle is my number one. ****

****So this is my first little Kastle fanfic. It's not much, but I hope you will read it and enjoy it. I had a fun time writing it, and yes there will be more Kastle fics in the future. So without further ado, here is my first Kastle fanfic! Make sure to review, favorite, and follow when you're done! ****

Karen set the newspaper down on the restaurant table, in front of Frank. She then slid into the other side of the booth. Frank picked up the paper and looked at the front page.

"Front page and everything, huh?" the brown eyed man asked, showing a small smile.

Karen nodded. "And you said it couldn't be done."

Frank furrowed his eyebrows and looked up at the blond haired woman.

"I said that? Are you sure? Doesn't sound like me," he asked, knowing

that she was right.

Karen rolled her eyes. Frank then set the paper back down on the table.

"I probably wouldn't have gotten it done without you, Frank," Karen said, as she folded up the paper and set it to the side.

"Don't get all mushy on me," Frank chuckled before he took a drink of the coffee that he had ordered.

"I wouldn't dare," Karen said, smiling at him.

Her eyes looked to the window, where she saw people walking by in a hurry, wanting to get from one place to another. The two of them really had nothing to talk about anymore. The story was published, and she wasn't planning another one that required Frank's help. Frank set the empty cup of coffee down and faced the window.

"Well, ma'am, it looks like my work here is done. I'll be gettin' out of your hair now," Frank said, showing Karen a crooked smile.

Karen nodded, knowing that's how it was going to be. She probably wouldn't see him again, unless she saw him in the news for killing someone.

"I told you that you can call me Karen," she smiled back.

Frank shrugged. He wasn't going to call her Karen since they were meeting on formal terms. Frank had grown rather fond of meeting with the blue eyed woman. He felt like she understood him. They only met twice a week, and those were the only times he found himself smiling. Deep down inside, he didn't want their meetings to stop.

Karen then cleared her throat.

"You weren't a bother to me, Frank. I actually liked talking with you. If anything, I was a pain in the ass to you," Karen said, with her hands folded on the table in front of her.

"Not at all, ma'am," Frank responded, looking straight at her blue eyes. His eyes then looked at his empty cup of coffee. "I didn't mind coming here at all."

Karen bit her bottom lip, not expecting Frank to say that. She started blushing a little. God, why did these meetings have to end? She actually thought of Frank as one of her friends, rather than just someone to get information from.

"Well, uh, Frank, I have work in a half hour," Karen said as she got out of the booth and stood up. "Thank you so much for all your help on this story. I probably wouldn't have gotten on the front page without you."

Frank nodded his head at her. "You're welcome, ma'am. If you need anything else, just let me know. You know where to find me."

Karen nodded her head once more, giving one last smile to the infamous Punisher. And with that, she turned around and walked toward the door. The blond haired woman thought that she was doing something

wrong, like something was missing. Like she shouldn't have been leaving.

Frank didn't like the sight he was seeing. Karen walking away. He felt guilty. He should've said something more that would make her stay. Frank didn't want her to go. He wanted to continue meeting her.

The brown eyed man had developed feelings for her over the past few months. He never admitted it out loud, though. It wasn't common for a guy like him to be afraid, but admitting to Karen that he liked her scared the hell out of him.

He swore that he would never love another woman after his wife died.

_Fuck that. _

His wife would want him to be happy. Ever since his wife and kids' death, he struggled to be happy. But with Karen, being happy wasn't a struggle. Smiling wasn't hard to do. Laughing came so easily to him.

But only when he was with Karen.

The moment Frank saw Karen step out the door of the restaurant, he was on his feet. He couldn't lose what he was feeling for her that easily. His feet walked swiftly to the door and he stepped outside, only to find Karen walking a short distance down the sidewalk.

"Karen!" Frank yelled, causing the blond haired woman to turn around quickly.

Karen's heart skipped a beat when she heard Frank yell her name. He actually said her name. She resisted the urge to go running toward him. Frank stood there, watching Karen walk toward him. He wished she would just run to him so he could get the damn question out of the way.

His heart was racing when she was a few feet away from him. What would she say? Would she just walk away from him? Would she not feel the same way?

"What is it, Frank?" Karen softly asked the man.

Frank exhaled slowly, relaxing himself. Her blue eyes looked at him with wonder and slight eagerness. Frank smiled a little and scratched the back of his head, nervously.

"You want to meet again sometime?" he asked.

Karen rose both her eyebrows and her mouth opened like she was going to say something.

"I really don't have any other stories to work on-"

"Not like that, I meant like for dinner or something," Frank said. His deep voice was sounding nervous and shaky.

Karen pursed her lips and her eyes widened a little.

"You mean like a date?" Karen asked, while a smile formed on her face.

Frank shrugged. "Yeah, if that's what you want to call it."

He wasn't going to admit it that he considered it a date. At least not right then.

"Sure. I'd love to go to dinner with you," Karen answered.

Frank's eyes widened, not expecting her to say yes right away. He thought she would be hesitant, considering what kind of person he was.

"What time do you want me to meet you there? Are you wanting to go sometime next week?" Karen asked, wanting to know all the details.

A smile remained on her face. Frank shook his head, not liking anything she said.

"I'll come pick you up tonight at 8, if you're not already busy," Frank answered.

Karen wasn't expecting it to be that early.

"That's pretty early, Frank," Karen commented.

"It doesn't have to be tonight if you don't want," Frank said, his voice sounding more serious.

Karen shook her head back and forth quickly. "N-No, it sounds great."

Frank let another smile show for Karen. "Great, I'll pick you up at 8."

And with that he started to back up, away from Karen. Frank didn't want to say another word. He wanted to save it all for their date. She watched him with pure joy in her eyes. She was going on a date with the Punisher. It sounded so wrong. But to her, it sounded just right.

~/~

Was it too much? Too little? Would Frank like it? Karen had been looking at her appearance in the mirror for ten minutes straight, wondering if her clothing choice was suitable. A white dress with flowers all over it to where you could hardly see the white. The shoes were just some simple slip ons. High heels weren't her thing unless they required. She prayed that they weren't Frank's thing either.

Her blond hair was down, just like all the other times she was with Frank. Karen was satisfied with her appearance.

Hopefully Frank would be, too.

Right on the stroke of 8, there was a knock on the door. In the past,

her dates would usually arrive late. Frank obviously wasn't like past boyfriends.

Karen walked to the door, smoothing out her dress in the process. She opened the door to see her date standing there, in a black coat and white button up dress shirt. No tie was present. He looked like he did when he got up on the stand at his own trial.

A smile came across Karen's face at the sight of him. A blush also started to form as well.

"I'm not late, am I?" Frank asked, a worried look coming over his face.

Karen shook her head back forth. "No, you got here right on time."

She stepped out into the hallway, closing the door behind her. Frank's eyes looked down her body, liking what he saw.

"You look great, Karen," Frank said, as he followed her down the apartment complex stairs.

Karen smiled and another blush came across her face. He actually called her Karen. That was only the second time he had done that.

"Thank you. You're not too bad yourself," Karen said, giggling slightly.

As they got to the door to leave the building, Frank cut in front of the blond haired woman and opened it for her. Karen stepped outside into the night air and Frank followed. He quickly took her hand into his, taking the lead this time. Karen's eyes widened at the unexpected gesture.

She didn't even think for a second about pulling her hand away.

"Where are we going?" Karen asked, looking up at her date.

Frank exhaled and showed a small smile. "It's surprise. You'll love it, I promise."

As they were walking, she noticed that some people gave her some funny looks. Karen knew exactly what they were for. She was walking down the sidewalk, holding hands with the Punisher.

Karen kind of embraced it. She knew the man's heart. They had been talking for a few months, and she knew that Frank wasn't the monster that everyone said he was.

They continued walking in silence until they reached the place. It was nicely lit and decorated Italian restaurant that had indoor and outdoor seating. Neither of them had never eaten there before, since it was an expensive place to dine at.

"Here we are," Frank said, as they stopped in front of it.

Karen was overjoyed at Frank's choice to take her there, but felt

that he didn't need to take her there.

"Frank, you shouldn't have. This place is way out of our price range," Karen sighed.

Frank rolled his eyes. "You're my date. I gotta give you with the best."

"So you're accepting the fact that this is a date?" Karen chuckled.

Frank looked down at the beautiful woman next to him.

"Yeah, I guess so," Frank answered, smiling. "You want to get a table or are we just going to stand here and enjoy the scenery?"

Karen chuckled and leaned up against him and grasped his arm, like a quick little embrace.

"Sure, let's get a table," she answered.

Karen found herself a few minutes later with Frank pulling a chair out for her to sit down in. She sat down and then her date sat down across from her.

"We don't have to sit outside, if you don't want to," Karen said.

Frank looked around. "I like it out here. The air, the lights, the way you look in this lighting. I reserved the whole outdoor patio for the two of us, so we can't go inside."

Karen rose an eyebrow. "You reserved the whole patio? Please tell me you didn't have to pay more for it."

The man's head nodded up and down. "Yes, ma'am I did."

Karen's mouth dropped, not liking the sound of that. "Frank! You didn't have to do that for me."

"I had to get the best, considering who my date is," Frank kindly said, a smile not leaving his features.

This made Karen blush again and look away. He was so good at making her blush.

"You don't have to do this all for me," Karen stated.

Frank tilted his head, looking her straight in the eyes.

"Karen. I want to," his deep voice told her. "You're the best thing that's happened to me in a while, so I have to give you my best."

Karen gulped, looking straight at his brown eyes. She hesitated to say something.

"O-Oh. T-Thank you, Frank," Karen said, while not trying very hard to smile.

Frank was speaking the truth. The blond haired woman was what got him out of bed in the mornings. It sounded cheesy and cliché, but it was true. Even though he didn't see her everyday, he hoped that the situation would soon change.

"You ready to order?" Frank asked, wanting to change the subject and focus on the date that they came there for.

Karen immediately picked up her menu that she hadn't even looked at. She skimmed through it and then shut it.

"Yes, I am ready to order," Karen sweetly answered.

Karen looked at Frank, right before the waiter came to take their order. She didn't care that he was the Punisher. All she cared about was the night she would have with him.

~/~

Frank refused to let go of Karen's hand as she turned to go into the apartment building.

"Frank..." Karen giggled.

He pulled her closer to him, teasing her. He wasn't going to leave until he got what he wanted. Karen didn't let go of his hand, even though she made it seem like she wanted to. Frank quickly pulled her up against him, embracing her in a hug. Karen wrapped her arms around his middle while he kept his arms rested on her shoulders.

"Was this one of your better first dates?" Frank asked, knowing some of Karen's terrible first dates.

Karen looked up, like she was thinking. "Hmm... Yeah. It was."

Frank smiled, swaying back and forth a little with her in his arms. He was hesitating to say his next sentence.

"How would you feel about a second date?" Frank asked, his tone filled with hope.

Karen rose her eyebrows as she looked at him.

"Yes, but only if it's with you," Karen joked.

"Who else would it be with? I don't want it any other way," Frank stated.

He was showing his soft side, but he didn't care.

"Okay," Karen chuckled. "I will look forward to a second date."

Frank's brown eyes then met Karen's. He had something to look forward to now. His hand then came up to Karen's face, and swept her hair from the side of her cheek. Karen watched as he tilted his head and pressed his lips into her's. She kissed him back.

This was what Frank wanted from the minute he picked her up for the date. Karen reached her arms up to where she rested her hands on the

back of Frank's neck. She held him close, not wanting him to leave.

She couldn't lose him like she lost others.

When the kiss ended, Karen was blushing and Frank had a crooked and somewhat blush-filled grin on his face.

"I just kissed the Punisher," Karen giggled.

Frank laughed along with her, seeing that she was right. Karen then backed away from the embrace, making sure she didn't go in for another one. She didn't want to be there all night.

"Good night, Frank," Karen said, while walking backward.

She climbed up the steps and opened the door to the building. She looked back, seeing him still standing there. She gave him one last smile and wave and then closed the door behind her.

"Good night, Karen."

****Done! Took me forever to write, but I finally got it done! These two... Even though Karedevil already killed me, Kastle is going to be the death of me. I can't get enough of them, just UGGGGHHHH... They must become canon. That scene where Karen told Matt that they were done in season 2, I just wanted her to run past him and go running to Frank's arms. Like suck it, Matt. She's got Frank now. Omg I'm bad mouthing my man. Matt, I'll always love you. ****

****Lol so there will be more Kastle in the future. And if you liked it make sure to review, favorite, and follow and look out for more Kastle. See ya all next time! ****

End
file.